

Halo: Humanity's Kinks

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Summary: A one chapter shooter in which i had to use the word kink in a english assignment. Enjoy it, has some humor in it. please

R&R!

Halo: Humanity's Kinks

Lots of Kinks

By:Natinaton

Author notes: This is a assginment i had to do at school using the word kink, enjoy. A one chapter shooter.

Brief History Lesson

An alarm clock woke up the Spartan, a cybernetic super warrior from his slumbering but problematic sleep. He didn't want to get up, but he knew he had to. It was the year 2535, there had been a lot of kinks in his small lifetime. He was still considered a minor nowadays, not even eligible to vote, let alone be in the military. But hey, life throws fastballs.

One day it tossed a huge fastball, a collective of alien races known only as the Covenant (they had everything advanced, including their own kinks), declared war on the small human space empire. See in year 2530, we have about 20-40 colonies. By the time the message was received by the humans, an entire colony had been wiped out, plus the fact that human empire was on the verge of collapse from civil unrest. That is plenty of kinks for the entire humanity. Well on the main military planet, called Reach (It's called that since it is smack dab in the center of empire and can reach any colony within a week) they kidnapped 75 children out of the 150 chosen. Now that's a lot of kinks right there from simply saying that statement. Now since this is the year 2530, they have the ability to clone them and switch, so basically the parents didn't ever know they were gone (clones were switched with children). They were trained by the best

of best in the military secretly. They had to take surgeries augmentations (implants, stuff like that) in which over 20 died and about 30 came out alive without anything wrong. The remaining 15 that survived were disabled and unable to fight. Put it bluntly Humanity was projected to live approximately one standard year before they were wiped out by the covenant (So we are extremely desperate for an advantage). Now that is definitely a MAJOR kink. Anyway, the Spartans had increased reaction speeds and well were the (as much as you could get) perfect soldiers. By the way if the military planet REACH fell, well forget about a year, think about weeks. That is in fact another kink in the booming family of kinks. Before I end this shorten history lesson I must add that there are probably 15-20 colonies left. All the rest have been destroyed.

Well anyway, our lovely Spartan got up from his sleep and got ready for the day. The day was kinked the moment he woke up because well, apparently a marine had decided to play a trick on his superior and was well received by his fellow marines till the marine commander showed up. Needless to say the marine had to clean the bathroom for the next three weeks nonstop short of meals and training exercises with a tooth brush. Needless to say he was in a kink when it came in to cleaning up 3 bathrooms. The Jokester had numerously tried to pull something off with a Spartan but so far to no avail. Anyway, without saying a word the Spartan was ready for battle at a moment's notice. He walked towards the mess hall where the aura of talking ceased for about 5 seconds and then resumed when he entered. The Spartan recalled when the news of their existence was released. The secret project became public after the Spartans had well passed augmentations. Several years later the truth about where the Spartans were released. (Another minor kink which caused uproar)

"Hey Spartan, what do you want on your tray" The kitchen manager said breaking his thoughts. "The usually food?"

"Yeah sure." The Spartan said glancing at the protein bars that slumped onto his plate and the health food that the marines disliked. He was probably the only one on the ship that ate them. Now a Spartan when gone though his/her augmentations rose too roughly 7-8 feet tall depending on how tall they are prior to surgery. So well, they could easily take out probably 15 men in hand to hand combat, easily. Anyway the Spartan was going to sit down in his usually spot and noticed a bolt on the seat that kept it up was gone on his chair. It was there yesterday at dinner, so he knew that something was up. Probably the jokester in the bathroom wanted the Spartan to collapse his chair. He glanced at the marines as the jokester entered. He was a new recruit by the way he walked and talked, if he survived a battle, he wouldn't be joking around much anymore. The Spartan knew that much, the toils of war takes a major affect on anyone's mind. The Spartan motioned for the new recruit to come over and have a seat at the Spartan's table. The Spartan leaned under the table and grabbed the bolt that held the other seat up and slipped it into his without anyone noticing. The marine waltzed over and glanced at the Spartan before taking the seat. He didn't notice the kink till he put his full weight onto the seat and it collapsed and sprawled onto the floor wondering what went wrong with his plan. Meanwhile everyone else was laughing their heads off seeing the young guy having his own trick turned on him.

"Hey bud." The Spartan said. "Nice try for the 34th time. Your tricks aren't going to work on me."

"Can't blame me for trying it." The new recruit said.

"Yes I could." The Spartan said grinned. It was a rare thing to see a Spartan crack a smile. "And you know it."

"Well, we still have plenty of time for tricks and I got plenty of them." The recruit said.

The Spartan replied. "You been saying that, but for the past 34 times, your plan has had a kink of some kind in them and nothing worked."

"You know what they say the 35th is the lucky one." The recruit said.

"Well good luck, you have about 120 hours before we reach our destination." The Spartan said. "Have fun."

The Spartan sat down and started to eat as a furious marine commander came looking for the young recruit who was suppose to be cleaning the bathrooms. Needless to say the Spartan sat down and returned to eating and wondered what else would have a kink today.

End
file.